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Employers, Make Good Your Pledge



The boys are coming back every day. You made them a promise when they went away. It is your duty to fulfill that promise promptly. See editorial.

Employers, "Do Your Bit"— Give Our Soldiers and Sailors Their Old Jobs

The soldiers and sailors and marines who have been honorably discharged from our army and navy have "done their bit." They have served their country with all they had to give. They have stood ready to relinquish their most precious possession—life itself.

An overwhelming majority of the men who answered the call to battle were wage earners. They were young men who had just ended their schooling and entered business.

Of the employer class, comparatively few were taken because of the age limit.

In the enthusiasm of the stirring period of recruitment the employers, almost to a man, urged their workers to go to war, and promised to re-employ them when they returned from "over there."

"Your job will be here, waiting for you when you come home," was the comforting assurance which the young men, suddenly transformed into soldiers, treasured as they toiled through exhausting drills, or as they endured the agony of combat, or the fatigue of seemingly endless marches.

Now, the soldiers and sailors are coming home, and the opportunity of the employer to do his own "bit," to make good his own pledge, to prove he is not a slacker and worse is at hand.

The "job" he so glibly promised to the departing youngster must indeed be given back to that same young man, now a hero, tried in battle.

The time to make good has come. There must be no evasion, and there will be none on the part of employers who are true Americans.

Genuine patriots will welcome the chance to reward their former employees who have served the nation.

They will strain a point to find work for the man in olive drab. And if their payroll is thus made somewhat heavier than is absolutely necessary, they will bear that burden gladly to the limit of their capacity, proud in the knowledge of discharging a patriotic duty and of making partial payment on a debt of gratitude that never can be fully paid.

Listen to Mr. Ford

His Page in His Newspaper Is Well Worth Reading.

If you are a subscriber to Mr. Ford's paper, the Dearborn Independent, you have read some of the wise paragraphs he is writing for his own page.

If you have not seen it, then you will enjoy and profit by the extracts which we print below from recent issues. You will note that Mr. Ford writes extremely well. That he uses simple, short, direct words.

He has no long sentences. He says what he has to say and stops. We commend Mr. Ford's habit to all reporters and editors.

He has made all the world ride in his automobiles. Perhaps he will be able to make the world read his newspaper. There are some better ones, but there are many worse.

Here is what he says to his readers:

Paying good wages is not charity at all—it is the best kind of business.

A business whose benefits come to a halt in the company's office is not a healthy business. The benefit has got to circulate so that every man who had a part in creating and running it has also a part in enjoying it. It is simple fairness.

If it is right for the manager of a business to try to make it pay larger dividends, it is just as right that he should try to make it pay higher wages. For wages are the chief dividend—on the money side at least—and more people are dependent on them.

To hear some men talk you would think that the returning soldier would double our dependent population. He is bringing up the reserve force that will put the country over the top.

The very best charity we know anything about is to help a man to the place where he will never need it.

It is the people thinking together, and planning together, and acting together, that make the great advances possible.

It is not the men who are doing the talking who are solving our problems, but the men who are at work. When they talk, they know what it is about.

The man who does better and

more productive work today than he did yesterday is a social reformer of the highest type. He is doing something genuine. He is squaring his own account with the world, and helping others to square theirs.

And after work, the next duty is to think. Nobody can think straight who does not work. Idleness warps the mind. It is a wonder we do not hear more about that fact—that the practiced hand gives balance to the brain.

The genius walks into his success. The rest of us must work for ours.

The most dangerous notion a young man can acquire is that there is no more room for originality. There is no large room for anything else.

Money for money's sake is a perfectly stupid motto. Money would be an useless as a heap of brass checks if it were not used for development. So that it is true that money itself is not the whole of Success.

The day is coming when good-will shall be the most valuable asset a man can have.

Men are not divided by the kind of work they do, but by the kind of men they are.

Half the disharmony in human relations today is founded on assumption, guesses, misinformation.

A week or ten days ago a girl wrote to this column saying she was too shy to make friends with men, that she shut up like a clam when any were about, and that she was very unhappy over her fate—the letter was signed "Lonesome Twenty-Three."

Up to date I have received for this girl eleven proposals of marriage, fourteen letters from men saying they should like to make her acquaintance, and seventeen from women stating they would be glad to befriend her, and try and see that she has a better time. Forty-two in all, letters for a girl whose chief claim to distinction is she "shuts up like a clam when a man is about."

Are these letters so many straws showing that the wind has begun to blow from a different direction, and men—after a surfeit of the other kind—are looking about for girls of a quieter type?

Personal Introductions Taboo.

I am sorry it will be impossible for me to forward any of this mail to "Lonesome Twenty-Three," as personal introductions are taboo in this column. But no doubt when she realizes for the first time how men really regard a sweet, modest girl she will be less ill at ease and readier with the give-and-take of small talk.

I hope so, at any rate; because this "modest violet" type of girl is more than refreshing after the flaunting, sunflower type that has wearied our eyes at every turn for the last few years; and which is about as restful for war-jangled nerves as a good screaming circus poster.

I am going to quote part of one of the letters that came to me from a young officer in regard to the shy little girl who "shuts up like a clam" when a man is about: "What has become of the old-time girl that a fellow used to be able to visit in her own home, instead of meeting on the street corner as they do nowadays, and when the man arrives, insist on taking him to some dancing place where she can 'shimmie' to her heart's content, then 'home, James,' in a taxi?"

He goes on to say that what he is looking for is a real pal who will have some interest in the same, wholesome things of life, and who does not spend her entire time skating on thin ice without stop-

Is the Quiet Girl Coming Back

ping to think of the consequences until it is too late.

New Fashions in Girls.

Spring fashions in girls seem to be changing, for styles in girls change as much as they do in skirts, boots, or breakfast foods. And perhaps the challenging young person who has occupied the public eye so long, is getting to be something of a back number. Her vivid complexion, her extreme and scanty attire, her impossible shoes, her bravado "went with" the clamor and confusion of war. But now that we are getting back to the paths of peace, our taste will favor a more restful type than Bellona of the hobble-skirt and the impressionistic complexion.

Intimations of the change are already apparent in the advanced fashions, skirts are longer than they have been in several years, the too revealing blouses are drifting to the limbo of the bargain counter where their scant flimsiness may be bought for about half of their former price. Better and more expensive models conform more and more to an ideal of decency.

Hats are less bizarre than they have been for the past season or two, and finally, faces are less reminiscent of a basket of dyed Easter eggs.

"Yes, their make-up is a heap more neutral than when we left 'em," a Western doughboy was heard to remark before he was an hour on American soil, "they

handle their camouflage a whole lot better—less trowel work." Effect of War on Fashions.

It would be interesting, if one had the necessary time, to trace a cause and effect relationship between war and the bizarre in dress. Look over old prints of the Napoleonic period, and the women wore, if possible, even less than they have during the last three or four years. The skirts of the Empire fashions were shorter than any worn of late years, and there was, without exception, the same uncorseted effect of silhouette.

Chroniclers of court gossip, rich in back-stairs detail, speak of the amount of cosmetics used by Josephine, Marie Louise, the Bonaparte sisters and their ladies. The length and comprehensive detail, with which these embellishments are treated, suggest a modern tax return in their sub-heads and complications.

One particularly nauseating mess that seems to have been held greatly in esteem, consisted of crushed strained strawberry juice mingled with various oils and greases into an emulsion. It was smeared on at night, and was supposed to be a sovereign remedy for freckles.

As long as Napoleon persisted in making a jig-saw puzzle of the map of Europe, fashions kept up their hectic tempo. Color styles and facial make-up were tuned in key with the blare of trumpets and the rattle and crash of artillery. "The ladies—bless 'em," kept up a sympathetic accompaniment at home in the matter of styles and finery with the desperate drama proceeding at the front. And who so demure in appearance as these same ladies when it was all over?

Not many years later, when Queen Victoria came to the throne, a vision of girlish sweetness, in ringlets, white muslin, blue sash, and heelless slippers, we perpetuated that type through the fashion prints of several generations. No heroine of the best sellers of the forties, fifties, and sixties ever accomplished much in the way of romance without her book muslin frock and blue sash, emblems of girlish innocence.

Are we to have a return of these charming stage properties? The eleven proposals and fourteen letters from men—wearing by the blare of the modern type—suggest that such a revival is likely.

From The Public To The Editor

Mrs. Henderson Asks "Why Not An International Congress?"

Editor The Times:

If the present plan for a league of nations, along with modifications, is to be doomed to a perpetual discussion, would it not be easier and more practical to organize a congress of nations based on the general plan of the American Congress of States? Also an international high court with a very easily understandable code of laws? The international president might be appointed for a fixed term of office only.

The congress would naturally consider all subjects of mutual interest, probably including the policy of commercial boycotts for certain offenses, practically policing the world by commercialism. With committees to study and report on all questions at annual meetings, the congress would at least know what all the world is about; also could have ample time to consider grievances.

All nations of the world are nearer and nearer together, and more and more of mutual benefit. An international congress, meeting annually, would practically convert them into one family, where brain to brain and heart to heart talks, along with mutual interests, might accomplish more for bringing about international order and peace than arbitrary methods. America could never have been forced by any conceivable outside authority to give of herself what she has of late so gladly conferred for the general welfare of mankind. Could republics generally be trusted to obey outside demands for what they have little part, knowledge, or heart in?

After peace is declared, could not this congress be planned and started by the allies now at Paris? A good project is half accomplished when be-

gun. The original members would admit other countries at will, advantage in joining the union being mutual understanding, sympathy, promotion and protection.

If representatives for the congress could be chosen from former members of home congresses it might tend to bring all legislative bodies more closely together.

The expense of this international congress would be less on the part of each country than for the maintenance of any considerable military equipment. Education would go far to take the place of bayonets. Education could at least demonstrate that from every point of view war and anarchy do not pay, that it is wiser and cheaper and more lasting to negotiate than to steal and kill.

There is now little fear of war for some time to come. In the meantime, when a more generous prosperity comes about, largely aided by the congress, and it is found desirable to establish an international police force, it would be an easier proposition than now—in that the burden would be more evenly distributed.

Today all nations are less far apart in intercourse than were our colonies when, with infinite wisdom, our fathers sent their best men to Philadelphia to form a more perfect union, and to frame and adopt a constitution which now demonstrates its effectiveness for national prosperity and something in the way of civilization. It would seem as if a true grandeur of nations could be brought about by methods now no longer an tried.

General Miles sends me a speech of Charles Sumner, made at Boston July 4, 1845, on this same subject—a speech Mr. Sumner declared to be the best one of his life—also speeches of Ethihu Burrill, on a world congress, made at peace conferences held at Brussels in 1848, in Paris 1849, and Frankfurt in 1850.

MRS. JOHN B. HENDERSON.
Washington, March 12.

You Can't Pay U. S. Taxes With U. S. Money

Strange, But True. So Take Your Check Book When You Pay Your Income Tax.

By EARL GODWIN.

When you go to pay your income tax take your check book or a postal money order, because the internal revenue collector will not accept regular United States money.

This interesting fact comes to light through a letter from J. HANSON BOYDEN, 700 Tenth street northwest, who has this to say:

"I have discovered that gold certificates, Treasury notes, coin of the realm, and such other forms of money as have been declared by the Congress to be legal tender for the payment of debts, have no value as a medium for paying the income tax."

"As illegal and incredible as this may seem, it is, nevertheless, a fact. If anyone doubts it, let him go to the internal revenue office, at Eighth and G streets northwest. Let him stand in line for half an hour or so, tax return in one hand and cash in the other; let him, when he finally reaches the cashier's window, tender his hard-earned cash in payment of the tax assessed against him, and he will be told—he will be told plainly and forcibly—that there are ONLY TWO forms of exchange acceptable for the purpose in question, namely, a check or a postal money order!"

"By what authority this all-important official, known as the deputy collector of revenue, undertakes to enforce rules contrary to law does not appear. But he does it complacently and apparently with no uncertainty. The only thing to be regretted is, that this remarkable regulation is kept a profound secret, to be suddenly sprung upon the unsuspecting public, only after the collector's window has been reached."

"WHY not put it in the instructions!"

After reading this letter I called up Commissioner Roper's office and learned that Mr. Boyden is entirely correct. The internal revenue officer for Washington, D. C., is carrying out the instructions of the Treasury.

"There are hundreds of revenue offices that are many miles from a bank or any other safe place for keeping money," I was told at the Treasury, "and for that reason the department has ruled against taking in negotiable cash."

But I repeat Mr. Boyden's suggestion: It would be a good idea to let the world know all about this oddity of government.

HEARD AND SEEN

Regular meeting of the California Star Association will be held tonight at the Thomson School, Twelfth and L streets northwest.

CONGRESSMAN JOHN I. NO-LAN will preside. Dancing will follow a literary and musical program.

GEORGE MINNIGERODE looked like a kid with a new toy at the Cafe St. Marks last night.

And as for CLARKE WAGGAMAN, he seemed overcome with the beauty of his own decorations. Good luck, boys.

A Bright Red Robin. Berwyn, Md., March 10, 1919. Sir,—I report the first robin red breast this day at my farm. He was bright red, and seemed lost on the top of a high tree, where he surveyed the country. This is a sure sign of spring.

JOS. E. GOODKEY.

S. O. S. to Ed Clark: Was this a robin or a redbird, or what?

Answers to the Sticker.

E. W. KEYSER, of 1763 Q street, says it was no sticker at all. Here's how solved it to me on the phone. I hope I got it right, but I may have missed out, as the Dramatic Editor was reading during the message.

Pat dug 40 ft. at \$1.25.....\$50
Pat dug 40 ft. at \$1.25.....\$50
Pat finishes 20 ft. remaining at \$1.25

Total of 100 ft. for.....100
Yet here is an entirely different solution:

It would be impossible for Pat and Mike to receive pay at the rate of .75 and \$1.25 respectively per foot and make it prove, but this is what prob-

ably happened:
Pat dug 66.67 feet at \$1 per ft. \$66.67
Pat dug 33.33 feet at \$1 per ft. \$33.33
Mike received from Pat (as above).....18.87

Pat received.....50.00
Mike received from Pat (as above).....33.33
Mike received.....83.33
C. T. G.

WHY NOT?
Have a traffic policeman at 9th and Mass. ave. n. w.; or make that a car stop or fire stop or something? That's a bad and UNPROTECTED crossing.

Try the following?
3 lbs. Seedless Raisins.
1 lb. Granulated Sugar.
1/2 cake of Yeast.
Cold Water.
Chop up raisins in food chopper. Stir sugar in cold water (1 gallon), add yeast. Let stand in cloth-covered pot 8 days, then strain through cloth into jars and keep covered with cloth for 3 weeks.

Dorsey Foults Again.

FRANK LORD, who is now secretary to ED HURLEY, the shipping board head, says I am "away off on that Dorsey Foults matter."

Frank says that the disappearing Dorsey shot a man named Robinson, not Roberts, that it was in an argument over a "can of suds" (Oh! Boy!) and not a game of craps, and that it took place on Q st. n. w., near 2d street.

Frank was police reporter for The Times in those days and was out on the story within fifteen minutes of the shooting.

What's Doing; Where; When

Today.
Meeting—Chemical Society of Washington. Cosmos Club, assembly hall, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Federal Employers' Union No. 1, 104 N street northwest, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Junior Y. M. H. A. Eleventh street and Pennsylvania avenue northwest, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Art Section of the Twentieth Century Club, home of Mrs. Dayton Ward, 104 N street northwest, 8 p. m.
Social Meeting—Alumni and former students of Winthrop College, 1107 K street northwest, 8 p. m.
Address—Robert Bridges, president of the Port of Seattle Commission, Cushman's Cafe, 407 Fourteenth street northwest, 8 p. m.
Lecture—"Opportunities in South America," John Barrett, director of the Pan-American Union, assembly hall of Central Y. M. C. A., 8 p. m.
Lecture—"My New Curate," an Irish drama, by Douglas College Players, College Theater, North Capitol and I streets northwest, 8:15 p. m. Direction of the Rev. J. Charles Dwyer, 8 p. m. Vice president of Douglas College.
Lecture—"Opportunities in South America," John Barrett, director of the Pan-American Union, assembly hall of Central Y. M. C. A., 8 p. m.
Memorial Service—in honor of Henry Cochran, 8 p. m. Rev. Charles M. Hard, David H. Middleton, George Vaughan Seibold, and Ralph Stambaugh, Band, Stanley Hall, 8:15 p. m.
who died in the service, Calvary Baptist Church, 8 p. m.
Address—Earl Doding, president of the National Church, 8 p. m.
Meeting—The Fresh Section of the Massachusetts State Association, Twelfth and L streets northwest, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Catholic Women's War Relief Society, 1428 K street northwest, 8 p. m.
Meeting—The Fresh Section of the Twentieth Century Club, All Souls' Parish Hall, 8 p. m.
Meeting—Committee on Publicity of the Board of Trade, Star building, 4 p. m.
Address—Miss Eva Leon, before joint meeting of Y. W. H. A. and Y. M. H. A., auditorium of Jewish Welfare card, Eleventh street and Pennsylvania avenue northwest, 8 p. m.
Free address—By Miss Mabel T. Boardman of the Red Cross, at George Washington University chapel, exercises, 2025 G street northwest, 12:15. Public invited.
Meeting—Entertainment committee of the Massachusetts State Society, home of Miss Rogers Clifton, 1338 Massachusetts avenue northwest, 8 p. m.
Lecture—Miss Schuler, of National Woman's Party, before members of Calvert Club, 17 Dupont Circle, 8 p. m.
Dance—Marine Barracks at Quantico. Special train for dance leaves Union Station 8 p. m., returning from Quantico at 11 p. m.
Meeting—West Virginia Society, Thompson's School, Twelfth and L streets northwest, 8 p. m.
Address—Dr. George Newlove on "Tomb of the Unknown Soldier," Y. M. C. A., 1330 P. Street.
Concert—United States Soldiers' Home, 8:15 p. m.